

Chapter 353 Do You Need Me To Help You

Armand had too many questions. However, the woman in the photograph died more than thirty years ago. Everything about her, including her name, had been erased by Ayden. His father had died too. The only person who would know anything about this woman was his adoptive mother, Isabella.

When Armand stared at the photo on his phone and fell into a daze, Genevieve messaged him.

Genevieve: Come to the master bedroom and enter the bathroom.

A look flashed across Armand's eyes as he walked to the master bedroom with his phone. When he opened the bathroom door, he saw Genevieve crouching on the floor with her hair wet.

She raised her head and glanced at him. Her face was also wet, giving her an indescribable sense of vulnerability.

When Armand saw that her wet hair was making her shirt wet, he asked, “Why are you crouching here? Why aren't you bathing?”

“The bathroom is too big and quiet.” Genevieve got up and entered the shower. Pointing at the door, she ordered, “Stand here and hold the shower head for me.”

Armand fell silent in exasperation before walking over and holding the shower head.

Just when Genevieve bent down to wash her head, she closed her eyes and remembered something. Shuddering, she got up, causing her hair to whip Armand's face. It was quite painful.

Only then did Armand realize that she was actually feeling scared. He chuckled silently.

Dragging Genevieve out of the shower, he instructed her to sit on the edge of the bathtub. Taking the shower head above the bathtub, he knelt beside it and washed her hair for her.

“Didn't you say that you're showing the horror movie due respect? Are you feeling scared now?” teased Armand as he smothered the shampoo over Genevieve's hair.

Genevieve grabbed the shower head at the side, turned it on, and aimed it at his face. Immediately, Armand's hair and clothes were drenched.

She then placed the shower head down and snorted.

After washing her hair, Armand took a dry towel and bundled her hair up. Looking at her wet shirt, he asked hoarsely, “Do you want me to take it off for you?”

“No thanks.” Genevieve jabbed a finger at the entrance, wanting to chase him out. However, she changed her mind and said, “Stand at the door with your back facing me.”

“Why don't I just leave?” Armand was watching her bathe, but he could not touch her at all. It was too torturous for him.

“Stand there.”

Armand ruffled his wet hair before standing at the door obediently.

The bathroom was very quiet. He could hear the sound of her clothes being tossed in the laundry basket while the air was filled with her fragrance.

His throat became immensely dry. Suddenly, everything turned dark.

Armand thought that he had lost his vision again. Nonetheless, he did not panic. Just then, he heard Genevieve yelling in shock, “Armand, did you turn off the lights?”

“No. It's probably a blackout,” said Armand. “Don't be scared.”

After a few seconds, his vision adjusted to the darkness and he could see much clearer. He walked to the basin slowly, fumbled around for his phone, and shone the torchlight at the shower.

Genevieve was cowering against the wall, her skin fairer than the light.

Armand gulped before lowering his head and staring at his phone screen. “I'll use my phone's flashlight first. You can continue bathing and I'll call someone to ask about the blackout.”

The bathroom was completely dark except for Armand's phone.

Remembering the horror movie she had just watched, Genevieve was in no mood to bathe anymore. After asking Armand to come over, she grabbed his arm and walked out of the shower.

Soon, the maintenance staff picked up the phone.

He apologized to Armand profusely, saying that there was a problem with the power line and the technician was trying to resolve it as quickly as possible. He then told him that the electricity would return in around ten minutes.

Genevieve was furious. Hugging Armand's arm, she told him to bring her out.

Armand took a few steps before stopping in his tracks. “The bedroom is much bigger than the bathroom. There's not a lot of light that the floor-to-ceiling windows will let in. Are you sure that you want to go out?”